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NOTES AND DISCUSSIONS.

SENTENCES IN PROSE AND VERSE.

Different persons took their special views of Nirvana among the Buddhists. They had their Kants and Hegels, who made their special interpretations.

All I have learnt of writing is to scratch a little. I have learnt to (sometimes) omit the word "very." These published discourses do not read as when delivered, so many years ago — fourteen years, is it [the essays]?

It is worth while to pay Henry surveyor's wages for doing other things. He is surely forecasting, and he does much more than is bargained for. When he does anything, I am sure the thing is there. He has that common sense, which is as good as Shakespeare's.

I wish to feel the water, as my tub at home is not large enough. I never have those changes of raiment, you speak of, in the spring, and I think I may have had the same towel this morning which I used yesterday. That [an old button] is a very ancient coin, left after the first deluge [bath at Walden Pond].

Thomas, when he is sick, is spleeny. He thinks he shall die, must go to his sister, and that he cannot earn half his wages; and it is all very dreadful. It seems miraculous how differently people view their colics and belly-aches. Some laugh at their dumps, and appreciate the satire, as they ought, at its value.

Walking out in the autumnal woods with G. B., he thought all Maud was filled with the witchery of the golden colors, but, on looking, he found only those two lines:

"And out he walked when the wind like a broken worldling wailed,
And the flying gold of the ruined woodlands drove thro' the air."

She is such a perfect little serenity — her *Serene Lowness*, we might call her.

The power of free testamentary disposition implies the greatest latitude ever given, in the history of the world, to the volition or caprice of the individual. — *Maine*.

There is no time unfavorable to the publication of a work of real merit. — *J. P. Kemble.*

If all the world were of one religion,
Many a living thing should die;
But I will never forget my true love,
Nor in any way his name deny.

— *Old ballad [Wiltshire].*

The lawless science of our law—
That codeless myriad of precedent,
That wilderness of single instances.

— *Tennyson.*

A woman, left alone with all her fears, which keep her company by night and day, and are most constant, fond, and faithful guests. He is ordained to call, and I to come. — *Mrs. Browning.*

The tendency of the vulgar is to embody everything. — *Macaulay.*

The universe is but an atom before the vastness of one's self. — *Macready.*

The story is told of one of our generals of the guard, who complained because his soldiers had lost their step—"Go find me this step," said he. — *Tourgénieff.*

Man is descended from the *catarrhini*, or narrow-nosed apes. This is the *twenty-first special* stage of his development. — *Hæckel.*

I believe the Devil hath a Power to transpeciate a Man into a Horse. That Eve was edified out of the rib of Adam, I believe. — *Sir Thos. Browne.*

Women are certainly great fools, but Nature made them so. — *Mary Woolstonecraft.*

O Death, that makest Life so sweet,
O Fear, with mirth before thy feet,
What have ye yet in store for us —
The conquerors, the glorious?

His honor, rooted in dishonor, stood,
And faith unfaithful kept him falsely true.

— *Tennyson.*

Clouds in the evening sky more darkly gather,
And shattered wrecks lie thicker on the strand.

— *Von Salis.*

Zealous, yet modest, innocent, tho' free,
Patient of toil, serene amid alarms,
Inflexible in faith.

— *Beattie [Scotland].*

A rich, but deafening, concert—O gurgle-ee, O gurglee-ee, some of

the most liquid notes ever heard, as if produced by some of the water of the Pierian spring, flowing through some kind of musical water-pipe, and at the same time setting in motion a multitude of fine, vibrating metallic springs, like a shepherd merely meditating most enrapturing tunes on such a water-pipe [blackbirds].

If you make the *least* correct observation of nature this year, you will have occasion to repeat it, with illustrations, the next, and the season, and life itself, is prolonged.

They give you a piece of nature, and that is themselves, smacking their lips like a coach-whip [early New England writers].

The thunder-cloud is like the ovary of a perfect flower. Other showers are merely staminiferous or barren.

I walk with vast alliances; I am the Allied Powers—the Holy Alliance.

Warm and bright afternoon, with yellow butterflies in the washed road [September 21].

Those sentences are good and well-discharged which are like so many little resiliences from the spring-board of our life.

The apples and the melons seem at once to feed my brain.

What is the church-yard but a grave-yard?

I cannot stay to be congratulated; I would leave the world behind me.

Dear Lord! Thou art all grief and love,
But which Thou art most, none can prove.

— Henry Vaughan.

Chambers of rain, where heaven's large bottles lie.

— Henry Vaughan.

The busy wind all night
Blew thro' thy lodging, where thy own warm wing
Thy pillow was [a bird's nest].

— Henry Vaughan.

Bethink, poor heart, what chilling kind of jest
Mad Destiny, this tender stripling played,
For a warm breast of ivory to his breast,
It dropped a flat of marble on his head.

— Hafiz.

The roguish wind and I
Are surely an amorous pair;
He points his arrows by thine eyes,
He strokes thy flowing hair.

— Hafiz.

Kneel down, thou soft heart,
A good work mayst thou do;
O, pray for the dead
Whom thine eyelashes slew.

— Hafiz.

Hoard Knowledge in thy memory,
 An easy load to bear;
 Ingots of gold and diamonds
 Many others lug with care.

— *Hafiz.*

Fine tints without fine forms — the subterfuge of the blockhead. —
William Blake.

Think what it would be to educate a fool — to build a universe with
 farthing balls. — *William Blake.*

What an unequal world is this — not ruled by justice, or even a pre-
 tence at justice, but by circumstances alone, and external illusions.
 — *Mrs. Oliphant.*

Jesus felt His words were for eternity, so He trusted them to the
 uncertain air. — *Theodore Parker.*

Who shall attempt to foreshorten God? — *Theodore Parker.*

My eye roams to the stars, and returns to the frost on my window,
 which reflects their light. — *Theodore Parker.*

Impulse is but a quicker perception of reasons that prove the truth.
 — *Haydon.*

Adopt a resolution — rather, what resolution you like — then stand by
 it, and execute it with your whole might. Better a bad one than
 none at all. — *Frederick the Great.*

Elle étoit de nombre de ces personnes, qui sont si bonnes, que,
 pour ainsi dire, elles ne sont bonnes a rien. Les vieilles et les laides
 sont ordinairement le partage de bon Dieu. — *Wilhelmina of Prussia.*

I could not encounter the loneliness of the crowd. — *Macready.*

She is more beautiful than lovely. — *George McDonald.*

But now hath all, in a single day, vanished with thee; yes, all
 hast thou with thee swept, and, like a hurricane, art passed away. —
Electra [lament for Orestes].

To find her feet by singing rills,
 Adoring and alone —
 O'er grassy fields; to the still hills,
 Her solemn seat and throne.

— *E. G. Tuckerman.*

The sailing star
 That spurs Orion's heel.

— *E. G. Tuckerman.*

The last heart-breaking gleam of light
 That dies along the West.

— *E. G. Tuckerman.*

The house stands vacant in its green recess,
 Absent of beauty as a broken heart;

The wild rain enters, and the sunset wind
Sighs in the chambers of their loveliness.

— *E. G. Tuckerman.*

Yet, in the gathering silence,
When the hill-tops faint and fail,
And the tearful tints of twilight now
No longer edge the vale;
When the crimson-faded clouds have parted
To the westward, one by one —
In the passionate silence,
I love to steal alone,
By river and by runside,
Through knots of aspen gray,
And hearken for the voices
Of a music ceased away.

— *E. G. Tuckerman.*

WM. ELLERY CHANNING.

CONCORD, MASS., Oct. 1877.

SPIRITUAL EPIGRAMS.

[FROM THE "CHERUBIC WANDERER" OF ANGELUS SILESIVS.]

Ah, yes, I would a phoenix be,
And burn my heart in Deity!
Then should I dwell by His dear side,
And in the self of God abide.

I do believe there is no death,
Though every hour I die;
Yet every hour, with new delight,
A better life draws nigh.

I hold that, since by death alone
God bids my soul go free,
In death a richer blessing is
Than all the world to me.

The cross of Golgotha can never save
Thy soul from deepest hell,
Unless with loving faith thou set'st it up
Within thy heart as well.

Out from thyself, thyself depart;
God then shall fill thine empty heart;
Cast from thy soul life's selfish dream —
In flows the Godhead's living stream.

FREDERICK R. MARVIN.

NEW YORK CITY.